

# The Lord Chancellours

## Discovery and Confession :

### Made in the Time of His

# Sickness in the Tower.

**T**HE Dreadful Apprehensions of a future being to Souls so ill-prepared, and the Terrors of Conscience under the Visitation of Heaven, are of that sad weight, that no thought can imagine but his that groans under it. When I turn my Eyes inward, I can look upon my self as no other than the unhappiest of Men, loaded with Infamy, Misery, Imprisonment, and almost Despair; but above all, with the Universal Hatred of a Kingdom; so Universal, that I stand the very Center of Shame, whilst every Tongue that reviles, each Eye that loaths, and every Finger that points, seem to terminate in miserable me. Such is my hard Fate, and such my serious Reflections, that I believe, had my Faults been ten-fold greater than they are, it was impossible for me to disoblige Mankind in all my Exalted Glory, but half so much as I have pleased them in my Fall; so naturally lovely in the English Eyes, does the Distress and Ruines of Tottering Greatness look, where they seem but just.

But all these Accumulated Calamities are but my lightest Burthen; for, alas, how justly, and more fully may I cry out with falling *Woolsey*, *Had I served my Gravelly half that Zeal I served my King, He would not have left me thus Wretched!* Wretched indeed, when my Weakness of Body calls me to consider, how near I may stand to that Tribunal, before which, the proudest of Earthly Judges, Potentates, and Princes tremble. The Summons from that terrible Judge, is such an Alarm, that what would I do, if possible, to Soften that Almighty Justice that stands armed against me? Could the Confession of my Crimes make the least part of their Attenuations; how happy should I think my self, in Unbolstering my whole Soul, even to my secretest and minutest Thought? The fence of which, makes me borrow from my Pains, these few favourable, though distracted Minutes, to use that Candour and Openness before I leave the World, that may reconcile it, if possible, amongst all its *Odium* and *Aversions*, to at least one charitable Thought of me.

But alas, before I come to the sad Narrative of those numerous Ills I have committed, before I launch down into that deeper Torrent; my aching Heart, and sad Remembrance, lead me up to the fatal Fountain Head, from whence they took their Rise: And there, to my Confusion, I am forced to acknowledge my Crimes are leached so black in the Polluted Source they spring from. For whereas Ambition, Interest, Honours, those smiling Court-Beams, the common *Ignis fatuus*, are those gawdier Snarers that mislead the wandering Steps of other Offending Statesmen; I cannot but shamefully confess, that a Viler and Sootier Coal, Rancour and Malice, warp'd me crooked.

The two famous Occasions of my rising Spleen and bitterness of Spirit, proceeded from the Parliaments bringing me upon my Knees, for my abhorring of Petitions; and next, the City of London's Turning me out of my Recorder-ship.

The Anger, the Rage, the Spight I conceiv'd at this double Disgrace and Affront, was the first accused Gull

that Poyson'd me; a Resentment that struck me so deep, and so Canker'd every faculty of my Soul, that what is it I did not do? Contrive, and Plot to be reveng'd? I profess in the Agony of my Thought, I was a hundred times not only Thinking, but Resolving! (if no other means) to turn *Wizards* to wreak my Malice upon my Enemies, had my small Belief (Heaven forgive me) of either a God or a Devil, persuaded me there was any such Creature as a *Witch*, or such an Art as *Sorcery*.

As for that damn'd Town of London, not *Caroline* against Old *Rome*, was half so sworn a Foe, as I against that Insolent Proud City. Really and sincerely, I could willingly and heartily but of my own Pocket, (though I sold my last Ragg in the World) have been myself at the charge of a New Monument, so I had had in the Pleasure of a second, same Occasion of Building in. Nay verily, I envied the Fate of the old *Erostratus*, and that more modern Worthy, *Hubert*, and could have wish'd my Own Name, though at the price of his Destiny, Engraven in the very Room of that wisely raz'd out *Inscription*, on so glorious an Occasion.

'Twas then that Edg'd and Enraged with a Mortal Hate, and an Avowed Vengeance against that accursed and detested City, and more detested Parliaments; with two such meritorious Qualifications, I applied my self to the once great *Columbus*, Greater Master, at that time in ex- ly, and indeed I not only governing Pilot at the Helm, with infallible Recommendations to Entitle me to the highest Hopes of the most Exalted Honours. In short, I Entered, Listed, and Swore my self Engineer General under that leading *Hero's* Banners; and how hugged, and how embraced, my preceeding almost Deluge of good Fortune, Glories, and Preferments will sufficiently Testify.

And though the World has sometimes wonder'd at so sudden a Rise, it is little more than seven years since, when from a *Finibury* Petty lawyer, to a Lord High Chancellor of England; from bawling at a Hedge-Court-Bar for five Shillings Fee, to sit Equity-Dives with Ten thousand Pound per Annum (besides *Presents* and *Bribes* unaccountable) honestly gotten. But alas, to rectify the Mistakes of Mankind, and suppress their Astonishment at so Unprecedented an Advance, I must assure them, that as no History affords a parallel of such a Crown-Favour as my self; so no Age ever yielded such a true Crowned Drudge neither; to deserve those Favours. Alas, my Dawling Fortune mov'd not half so Rapid, as my dearer Conscience drove; and all the Careless of my Glory were thought but the poorest Meed and Reward of those Services that gain'd them.

But to recite my fatal Particulars: Upon my first Entrance (as I was saying) of Engineer General, our first great Attacke was against the Charter of London; and to the Honour of my *Premier Affair*, what by our terrible Dead-doing *Quo-Warranto*, my own invented Battling Ramms, planted against them at *Westminster*, and the Tower-Hill Guns removed and mounted against them on the Tower Battlements; we soon reduced that Impetuous Town, to almost as intire a Subjection and Vail



age, at our own Hearts, and our Roman Enemies, could with.

Next, for those *Prerogative-Crampers*, those *Check-mates* of Crowns, call'd *Parliaments*, there our Triumph was, Absolutely we brought or Dissolved, and Danced them from Pillar to Post, from *Westminster* to *Oxford*, &c. at pleasure; and Heaven knows, with timely, prudent and wise Care, to hush their too impudently inquisitive Curiosity into our *Colemans* *Pacquets*, our *Le Chaise* and *Lewis* Intrigues, and the rest of our *Popish* *Plots* and *Cabals*; and all God wot, little enough to keep our *Cloven Foot* undiscover'd;

Might, with such prosperous Success, even in my Infant Mischiefs, what was it that I either staggered or shrunk at? My Temptations so allured me, my Rewards so dazzled me, and my Felicity so hardened me, that Moderation, Reluctance, or Humanity, were only so many Manacles and Shackles; that my impatient Soul threw off with disdain.

Who else but I, with so much Unrelenting and Pitiless Barbarity, Triumph'd in the Blood of those poor miserable Western Wretches; and Sanguin'd my very Ermins in their Gore, till even the Air with the Noisomeness of their Carcasses stunk almost as much (if possible) as the very Name of *Jefferies* their Butcher? Yes, and I acted by the Commissioning Vengeance that sent me thither, to inform the Heretick Enemies of *Rome* how much their Blood *Thickens* when it *Screams*; and to let them know by the Sample of my Hand, how keen is a *Popish* *Edg-Tool*.

Was it not I too, that with so much Cunning and Artifice, and by so many Rhetorical High-Treason-Flourishes, wheedled poor *Cornish* to a *Gibbet*, and *Refell* to a *Scaffold*? Yes, and 'twas a Master-Piece! To give the Trembling World a Timely Warning what Protestant Zeal must trust to, when *Popish* Malice is pleas'd to be Angry; and to convince how easily can a Jesuitical Engine wire-draw Guilt, where *Popish* Rancour is Resolv'd to Destroy.

Who Dissolv'd all the *Charters*, and how Garbell'd all the *Corporations*, but *Jefferies*? And why, but to prepare them to understand that what with our *Quag Warrants*, and the rest of our Modelling Tools, we were Resolv'd at last to have *PARLIAMENTS* *à-la-mode* *de Paris*, and their *Dragoon* *Reformers* too, for a *Pattern*.

Who invented that *Boasting* Command to the *Bishops* of *Reading* the *Declaration*, and put their Refusal to the stretch of *High* *Misdemeanor*, if not *High* *Treason*, but the *Chancellor*? And why, think you, but to *Grudge* them what *Romish* Eye-fores are the *Brilliant* *Lawn-Sleeves*; and that they shall want neither *Justice* nor *Stumbling-Blocks* to trip their *Heels* up, and their *Heads* off too, when they stand in our way?

Who but the Great *Jefferies*, in *Defiance* of the very *Fundamentals* of *Human* *Society*, the *Original* *Laws* of *Nature*, and to the Face of *MAGNA* *CHARTA*, it self, got the *Bishop* of *LONDON* *Silenc'd*, and *Suspend'd*, without so much as that *Universal* and *Common* *Right* *Sacred* even amongst *Heathens* and *Infidels*, viz. the *Privilege* of making either *Plea* or *Defence*, *Condemn'd* *Untried*, and *Unheard*? Yes, I did.

It; to instruct the World what feeble *Cobweb-Laws* are the *Bonds* of *Justice*, *Law*, *Liberty*, *Common* *Rights*, &c. in the hands of an *Imperial* *Popish* *Sampson* *Age*.

Was it not I too, by my *Ecclesiastick* *High-Commis-sion* *Supremacy*, not only against the *Statutes* and *Custom* of the *University*, but the *Positive* *Laws* of the *Rome* of the *University*, turned *Maudlin-Colledge* into a *Seminary* of *Jesuits*, and in spite of that *Bulwark* of the *Church* of *England*, the *Act* of *Uniformity*, converted a *Collegiate* *Chappel* into a *Mass-house*? And by the same *Justice*, might not every *Collegiate*, *Cathedral*, and *Parish* *Church*, had the same *Conversion*? And both the *Evangelists* of *Religion* and *Learning*, the *Mother* *Universities*, been deprived of all her *Protestant* *Sons*, and re-peopled with the whole *Race* of *St. Omers* and *Salamanca*?

Who did all this? The *Chancellor*! Yes, and he say'd the *Church* of *England*, and the whole *English* *Liberty*, by it. The *Nation* was lull'd into so profound a *Sleep*, that they wanted such *Thunder-Claps*, and such a *Boa-ster*, to awaken them from their *Lethargy*.

With these serious Reflections, That these *Rapid* and *Violent* *Motions* of the *Romish* *Castle*, are and have been the *Destruction* of it; who has been the *Protestants* *Champion*, but I? Who has pull'd off the *Vizor* from the *Scarlet* *Whore*, and expos'd the *Painted* *Babylon* *Prostitute*, but I? And if I drove like *Jehu*, 'twas only to the *Confusion* of a *Jezebel*. Who call'd in the *Deliverer* of our *Church* and *Laws*, that second *Hannibal*, the mighty *Nassau*, but *Jefferies*? Who has Re-mounted the sinking *Glory* of our *Temples*, till their *Pinacles* shall kiss *Heaven*, but *Jefferies*? Who has *United* *Two* such formidable *Protestant* *Neighbours*, with that *Eternal* *Link* of *Interest*, as shall render us once more the *Arbiters* of *Europe*, and *Terrour* of the *World*? Who but *Jefferies* and *Jefferies* *Conduct*, has joy'd those *Naval* *Forces*, those *Floating* *Walls* that shall one day mew up that *French* *Antichristian* *Monster*, till in *Despight* and *Defiance* he hurst his *Soul* out at his *Fistula*?

In fine, Who has cut off the very *Entail* of *Popery* and *Slavery* from three happy *Kingdoms*, but *Jefferies*? Three *Kingdoms* did I say? Yes, possibly has laid that *Foundation* to the *Protestant* *Cause*, as perhaps shall one day make her over-top the *Seven* *Proud* *Hills*, and strike her *Dagger* into the very *Gates* of *Rome*.

With this Confession of my Crimes, which under the Afflicting Hand of Heaven, I think my self Obliged to give the World, I beseech my Enemies themselves to represent my Case, as that at least, Out of the Devourer, may come forth Meat; and out of the Strong, Sweetness; And by Ballancing the Services of my Actions against the Guilt of them, give me some small dawn of Hope, that the Approaching Parliament, my Judges, my Accusers themselves, may be softened into some Commiseration and Forgiveness. I assure them, if Heaven spare me Life to ask it, they shall want neither Confession, Discovery, nor Contrition, to obtain their Absolution. And Black as I am, I beg, even my most Hard-hearted Adversaries, to Consider, that still I am not Blacker then *Judas*. And alas, there was some Merit even in *Judas*; for there wanted his Betraying of his God, for the Saving of the World.

With Allowance.

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